

Robert E. Jones

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in a production work independent of one another. The author turns his finished manuscript over to the manager. The manager reads it and turns it over to me. I try to carry out the author's intentions as well as I can. But I may not be wholly in sympathy with some of his ideas any more than he is with some of mine. Under ideal conditions—conditions that will come some day—the dramatist will take his idea, just the outline of it, you know, to some producer who is equally an artist."

"I'm afraid I gasped. 'Some what?' I said. 'Oh, there are some.' He named two. 'As I say, the dramatist will take his idea to the producer and the producer will call in the actor and the scene painter. Then all four will work out that idea together. From the beginning. They will try to clothe that idea as perfectly as they can. That's all that counts—the idea. We don't matter, any of us. At our best we are the medium through which the idea is transmitted. Like a window—a window of clear glass—when we're good enough.'

He was silent, and we sat watching the black drop as it grew under the painter's hands. It was growing late and the light was beginning to fade. The black bulk of the cathedral seemed to lose some of its ponderous quality. There seemed to be a blue mist over it as it stood up, huge and spectral, against its painted sky. At last I asked him how he came to get the Russian Ballet commission.

"Luck again," he replied. "It is Nijinsky's idea to make the ballet truly international, and part of his plan for the furtherance of this purpose includes the use of costumes and scenery designed by artists native to the countries in which the ballet performs. I was fortunate enough to be the American chosen. That's all.

"Nijinsky's a wonder!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "He is a true artist. By that I mean that his artistic ideals are universal. They go beyond his particular medium of expression. The fact that he is a dancer rather than a scene painter, for example, is only an accident of talent. He may not paint scenery, but he has just as definite a vision of what he wants scenery to be as I have.

"Another reason why I like to work with him is his capacity for enthusiasm. You know, when you're really interested in something, it's hard to find people whose interest can keep pace with yours. When I get on the subject of stage decoration I tire most people out. But Nijinsky can tire me out—in my own line. When you find some one like that, you'll do anything for him."

All this time he had been nervously fingering an amber cigarette holder, twiddling it between his fingers, gestulating with it, tapping it against his teeth. It worried me. I was affected by it as I am by the sight of an actor smoking on the stage or in the movies. I was seized with an ungovernable desire to smoke at once. As he paused reflectively I took out a box of cigarettes, offered him one, and took one myself.

"By the way," I said, "when I asked you about getting the commission to do the Barker scenery you said it was just luck, and when I spoke of the Russian Ballet you said that was just luck, too. Aren't you overemphasizing the luck part of it? Doesn't merit come in somewhere?"

He lighted the cigarette, took a preliminary puff, and then pointed with it toward the back drop.

"I might feel excited about getting ahead if it were all a matter of merit. But it isn't. Five years ago I was here, looking for a chance. Anything—posters, costumes, scenery. I thought I might do some fairly good work if people would let me. But they wouldn't. I did do two settings, one for Gertrude Hoffmann and one for Gaby Deslys. But nothing happened. I had some of the regular fiction experiences—alone in the city, not enough to eat, ill—that sort of thing. Then I managed to get to Germany."

"You studied under Reinhardt, didn't you?" I interrupted.

"No, you couldn't call it anything so formal as study. They did give me extraordinary privileges around the theatre. I was allowed to examine effects at first hand, to see how they were produced. But it wasn't formal instruction.

"Then I came back and managed to get my first chance—luck, largely. And here I am. There's nothing rational about it."

He pointed to the unfinished back drop. "Five years ago I was just as capable of doing that drop as I am to-day; only, nobody else believed it."

"They talk about brilliant color effects," he went on. "Why, color's largely a matter of the quality of your materials. There are plenty of men as good as I am and better who can't get my effects simply because they can't afford to buy the stuff to produce them. Five years ago I couldn't afford it either. I can now. I can afford to buy the finest paints on the market—I can have genuine ultramarine, made of lapis lazuli—if I like. No wonder my coloring is brilliant! If I want real silks and velvets for my costumes, I get them. No wonder they look rich!"

"But the chance to do the work"—I said.

"That, yes. But the success part of it—no; I can't be excited over that. I just look on at a person—an outsider entirely—name: Bobbie Jones, who's doing what people call 'getting along.' I wonder, sometimes, what he's up to. . . ."

## THIS DAY IN HISTORY---By Rea Irvin

Inkpot Alley

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authors has been intense. A year or more ago Gouverneur Morris made the others green with envy by concocting a serial with seven pretty girl heroines. The number, I suppose, was suggested by the famous Sutherland Sisters of hirsute memory. This gave one magazine the opportunity to display fourteen excellent knees on one cover—which was something of a scoop. But others followed quickly. Pretty soon all the popular magazines were bedecking their covers each month with a half dozen or more P. G.'s.

This, I think, has marked the crest of the pretty girl movement. It seemed to be an attempt to rival musical comedy, but as such it was futile. The ultimate consumer can see more pretty girls, and more of them, in one act of a second rate musical comedy than he can in twelve instalments of a first rate serial.

The pretty girl will not, like the muckraker, disappear altogether. No special interests are likely to buy up the magazines to get rid of her. Probably they couldn't abolish her if they would. But it is becoming apparent that her monopoly is not what it was. Even a magazine can not live on angel cake alone.

YOU GOTTA BE MORAL, MAX.

MR. ARTEMUS WARD, in justifying his decree banishing "The Masses" from the subway news stands, asks why he "should be forced to buy, sell and profit by a publication which insults and derides the religion which was not only mine, but which was handed down to me by my parents." On the other hand, the Rev. Charles P. Fagnant, of the Union Theological Seminary, and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, of the Church of the Messiah, read "The Masses" regularly and do not consider it immoral or blasphemous. Among those who agree with them are Professor George W. Kirchwey, Professor James Harvey Robinson, Professor Vida E. Scudder, Helen Keller, Alva E. Belmont, Florence Kelley, Percy Mackaye, Judge Ben Lindsey and Judge F. De Witt Wells. Either these persons are lost to all moral and religious sense or they are too naive to understand the awful things "The Masses" is putting over, or—incredible hypothesis!—a man by the name of Artemus Ward has no sense of humor.

In any case, Mr. Ward shows a fine sense of spiritual values in refusing to profit by selling a magazine which fails to observe the high religious ideals that animate the subway management with which he has his contracts. Let us be sure that even if Mr. Ward weakens Messrs. Shonts and Hedley will never again permit Max Eastman to taint the moral atmosphere of the subway.

THE BORN STORY TELLER.

IN "The Demi-gods" James Stephens gives, through the mouth of one of his characters, some of the secrets of the fiction writer:

"I knew an old man in Connaught, once, and he was a great lad for the stories. He used to make his money at it, and if that man was to break off in the middle of a tale the people would stand up and kill him, they would say. He was a gifted man, for he would tell you a story about nothing at all, and you'd listen to him with your mouth open and you afraid he would come to the end of it soon, and maybe it would be nothing more than the tale of how a white hen laid a brown egg. He would tell you a thing you knew all your life, and you would think it was a new thing. There was no old age in that man's mind, and that's the secret of story telling."

The late O. Henry was such a man, and so were Homer and Cervantes and the Brothers Grimm. Mr. Kipling had the secret, but lost it.

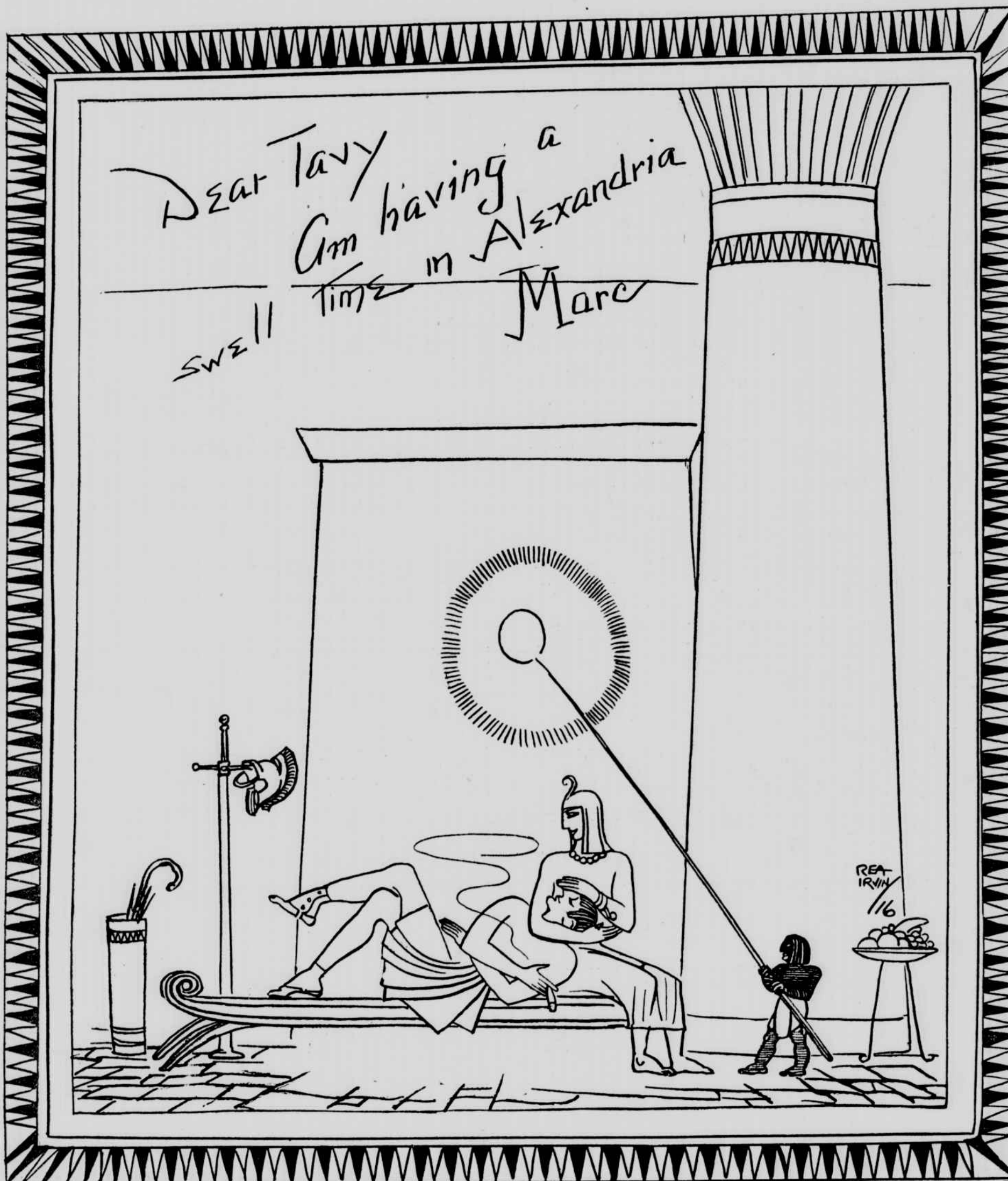
THE RED-BOUND BOOK

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can do away with betting altogether by legislating against it. People blame college athletics for the gambling that goes on in our universities, and imagine that athletics are abolished the betting will go, too. Idle dream! Shall we do away with chapel services and the singing of hymns in college because college men gamble on them?

"Ten dollars, Bert, that the hymn this morning is an even number."

"You're on."



Mark Antony Sends the First Picture Postcard—to His Wife, 40 B. C.

## ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By Alice Duer Miller

We learn from a news item in "The New York Times" that it has been announced by Miss Marjorie Dorman that a "big anti-suffrage convention would be held during the winter, either in New York or Washington."

As this, we believe, is the first convention the anti have ever held, we hope a few practical suggestions will not be ill received.

We suggest the following:

## RESOLUTIONS.

## I.

WHEREAS, Women, being toally unfit to form political judgments, should leave all such questions to men; and WHEREAS, Woman's place is in the home;

RESOLVED, That we women anti-suffragists, in political convention unfitly assembled, many miles from our respective homes, do urge Congress not to enfranchise the other women of this country, for the reasons above stated.

## II.

WHEREAS, All the Senators who voted against the bill protecting children

from excessive labor had, if they voted at all on the suffrage bill, voted against that, too;

RESOLVED, That we express our sympathy with these, our best friends in Congress, in their great disappointment in the passage of this protective legislation for our children.

## III.

RESOLVED, That we express our profound sense of obligation to the following friends who have done so much to help our great cause:

To the Boston & Maine Railroad, which, according to the report of the New Hampshire Public Service Commission, contributed so generously to keep the suffrage bill from passing.

To "The Liberal Advocate" (organ of the Ohio Liquor League) for running a series of articles by the Business Secretary of the Cincinnati League Opposed to Woman Suffrage.

To Mr. Dennis F. Reardon, who, with the indorsement of the Massachusetts Liquor League, founded a Voters' Anti-Suffrage League in Boston.

Most especially to Mr. Neil Bonner, president of the National Liquor Dealers' Association, for his stirring words on October 7, when he said: "I want to say to you, as president of the liquor dealers of this country, that I intend to vote against giving women the ballot."

To these and many other friends of our cause, whose activities we deem it unwise to mention, but whose splendid achievements we heartily approve, we hereby express our gratitude.

## IV.

RESOLVED, That with all our charm and indirect influence we will loyally support any Presidential candidate who will declare us unfit to vote.

Suggested Programme for First Day's Session.

Morning, 9:30.

## REPORTS:

Committee on Resolutions (as above). Committee on Work in Suffrage States (none being done).

Committee on Charm (no member of this committee present).

Committee on Personal Attacks on Prominent Suffragists (long and very spicy).

Afternoon, 3:30.

## ADDRESSES BY DELEGATES:

1. Fashion as a Substitute for the Vote.
2. What My Husband Thinks I Should Think.
3. Why My Opinion Can Be of No Possible Use to My Country.

Evening, 9.

## ADDRESSES BY MEMBERS OF THE MEN'S ANTI-SUFFRAGE LEAGUE:

1. Biological Reasons for Woman's Moral, Mental and Physical Inferiority.
2. Complete Political Ignorance and How Best to Attain It.
3. Liberty; The Intolerable Burden.

The evening will be concluded by the singing of a revised version of the national anthem:

## AMERICA.

(Slightly Adapted.)

My country, hear my plea,  
Save me from liberty,  
This current stem.  
Class me, as well befits,  
With males who've lost their wits,  
Felons and idiots,  
Class me with them.